

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

## THE STOWAWAY

(Original.)

I was sitting in the office of the Anchor Shipbuilding company, where I am one of the managers, when I received a call from a stylishly dressed lady.

"You are Mr. Trevor?"

"I am."

"I am Miss Bancroft. You are building a yacht for my father?"

"Tracy Bancroft? You are right."

"Here is a note from my father requesting you to make a change in the yacht," and she produced instructions to put in a safe capable of holding a cubic foot of valuables. Miss Bancroft then proceeded to instruct me what stateroom to put it in, after which she left the office. Two months later the yacht was ready for a trial trip, and I so notified Mr. Bancroft. He appointed a day for the trip, but when it arrived sent his daughter, writing that he was ill and unable to go himself. Miss Bancroft brought a man to represent her father in determining if the yacht came up to contract, but I could not see that he knew anything about shipbuilding. However, the vessel was accepted and ordered made ready for continued use during the season that was about to open. I concluded to go on her for a while to make sure there was no weak spot, or if one became apparent to correct it if possible before it had done any damage.

The party consisted of Mr. Bancroft, who was carried aboard the yacht; Miss Bancroft and Martin Hurlbut, the owner's representative on the trial trip. Mr. Bancroft went directly to his stateroom and stayed there. Miss Bancroft gave all instructions and Mr. Hurlbut said he had come aboard to watch the vessel's action. We started from New York on the morning of the 10th of June, bound for Portland, Me.

We hadn't been an hour out on old ocean's heaving bosom before some of the crew came aft dragging a boy dressed in rags whom they had found stowed away under one of the forecast bunks. He was taken before the captain, who asked him why he had stowed away on a vessel intending to cruise along the coast and from which he could be readily put ashore. The boy replied that he had made every effort to get work and had failed. He hoped if he was found on a yacht that had started on a trip he would have a chance of being retained. There was something very unusual in this youthful stowaway, something that excited both my curiosity and sympathy. I told the captain that I would take the lad into my service, and he was turned over to me. When we passed New London we put into the harbor, and I took Billy Brown—the name the boy gave—ashore and got him a sailor suit, including a pea jacket, in which he looked as rosy and as pretty as a fancy picture of a sailor boy.

Well, we reached Portland, where, since I had found everything all right, I proposed to take a train back to New York. The night before we went into port I was alone on deck, sitting in a wicker chair under the moonlight, when Billy came to me.

"I have heard you're going ashore tomorrow, sir," he said.

"Yes, Billy. Do you want to go back to New York with me? If you do I'll keep you in my service."

"No, sir. I want you to stay aboard the yacht."

"This remarkable suggestion quite appalled me."

"Why so, Billy?"

"Will you keep my secret?"

"Your secret? What secret?"

"You won't betray me?"

"Speak out, boy. What do you mean?"

He came up close to me and whispered in my ear: "I'm not a boy; I'm a girl. I'm Mr. Bancroft's daughter. This woman isn't his daughter at all. She's his housekeeper. Her name's Farnsworth, and that's Hurlbut's name. This is a plan to get father off somewhere, make away with him and get his property. At least that is what I think it is. I'm supposed to be at school in Massachusetts. I went there before this Mrs. Farnsworth came to my father, and she has never seen me before. One of our old servants who took care of me when I was a baby wrote me that something was wrong, but that Mrs. Farnsworth was a desperate woman, and I'd better be careful what I did. I went to New York, where I met the servant who posted me and learned that the yacht was about to sail. Then I concluded to play stowaway. I couldn't think of anything else to do."

I was thunderstruck. If it hadn't been for the remembrance of the order for the safe, which it now occurred to me was in the supposed Miss Bancroft's stateroom, I might not have believed the story. I ran it all over in my brain and felt sure the stowaway was telling me the truth. Why not? How could he substantiate such a falsehood?

"You're a brave girl," I said, rising and taking off my cap respectfully, "and you have saved your father and your inheritance. Say nothing. When we get into port tomorrow I shall send you with a note to the police. That will end the matter."

The plan was a success. The conspirators were arrested, and in the safe were found all the family jewels, \$20,000 in money and a will recently executed by Mr. Bancroft, who was an invalid, having left half his property they did not dare take it all to his housekeeper for her devotion. But for his daughter's pluck he would have "met with an accident" on the voyage, resulting fatally.

The real Miss Bancroft did not return to school. Eventually she became Mrs. Trevor.

VINCENT C. HALLOWAY.

## PEOPLE OF THE DAY FOR THE CHILDREN

## Bishop Who Opened a Saloon.

Bishop Henry Codman Potter of New York, who presided at the opening in New York city of the Subway saloon, a philanthropic attempt to substitute a high class cafe for the degraded grogshop of the east side, is the most prominent prelate of the Protestant Episcopal church. Bishop Potter has for years advocated curbing the evil influence of drinking places by refining their surroundings and their methods.



BISHOP POTTER.

rather than by abolishing the saloon, which he has called "the poor man's club."

Bishop Potter belongs to an ecclesiastical family, his father, Alonso Potter, having been bishop of Pennsylvania and his uncle, Horatio Potter, bishop of New York. He was elected coadjutor to his uncle in 1883 and upon the death of that churchman in 1887 succeeded him in the bishopric of New York.

Bishop Potter, who is sixty-nine years old, was born in Schenectady. He is a graduate of the Episcopal academy of Philadelphia and the Theological seminary of Virginia and has received honorary degrees from Union and Trinity colleges, from Yale and Harvard universities, Oxford and Cambridge. He is almost as well known in ecclesiastical circles in England as in his own country.

The bishop has written extensively on church and sociological topics and has had a leading part in the erection of the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, a work which he is unfortunately not likely to see finished.

Bishop Potter, then a widower, was married two years ago to Mrs. Albert Corning Clark of Cooperstown, N. Y., one of the wealthiest women in the state, and now makes his home at her beautiful estate, Fernleigh, on the shores of Otsego lake.

## A Diplomat's Wit.

When Charlemagne Tower, United States ambassador to Germany, was on his way to that country he fell into conversation with an intelligent lady, a stranger, who told him that among the places she intended to visit on her travels was the Charlemagne cathedral—"Charlemagne towers, I call them," she added. "Then," said the diplomat, handing her his card, "when you go to Berlin visit the one there."

## A Governor and a Postoffice.

Governor J. K. Vardaman of Mississippi, after whom Postmaster General Payne has refused to name a Mississippi postoffice, has long been prominent in Democratic politics and was a conspicuous figure at the recent national convention in St. Louis. It was he who was called upon to read to the convention Judge Parker's famous gold standard telegram to William F. Sheehan.

The postmaster general's refusal to name the postoffice in question Vardaman is based upon an article alleged to have appeared in Governor Vardaman's newspaper, the Commonwealth.



GOVERNOR VARDAMAN.

Addressing upon the mother of President Roosevelt, Governor Vardaman denies that he has ever written, published or said anything derogatory to the president's parents. Meanwhile the postoffice has been given the euphonious title Timberville.

Governor Vardaman is a young man, a lawyer by profession and an editor by choice. His paper, published at Greenwood, Miss., is widely quoted. He has an excellent record as an orator and was one of the strongest supporters of the Bryan ticket in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900. He was elected governor of Mississippi in 1903, and his administration has been vigorous. One of his first official acts was to avert the lynching of a negro murderer at Tutwiler, Miss. He personally took charge of the military escort which saved the negro from the mob. Governor Vardaman bears the title of major as a result of his service with the Mississippi volunteers in the Spanish-American war.

## The Cat and the Catnip.

Two ladies were chatting at a hotel in Boston the other day when the visitor said to her friend, "I've a cat that can read." "A cat that can read?" exclaimed the other. "Yes, a cat that can read." At any rate, she knows when a letter comes to her. Suppose we send her a letter and you come to my house in the morning just before the postman's hour for calling."

The other lady agreed, though she was still somewhat doubtful as to puss' power to pick out her letter from the morning's mail. But she got writing material for her visitor, who went into an adjoining room and fixed up the letter, which was in a sealed envelope addressed to "Miss Pussy, No. — Mariboro Street, City." That evening the letter was posted, and at the appointed time the next day the two ladies were at the Mariboro street house.

That intelligent cat was lying on the tiger skin in front of the grate. Soon the bell rang, and a servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy. Placing the letters near the cat, the lady of the house said, "Now, Miss Pussy, pick out your letter." Sure enough, puss at once showed an interest and in a moment had pushed aside with her paws the envelope addressed to her. "Well, well, how wonderful!" said the doubtful lady, whereupon the other spoke up: "Wait a minute. She'll actually open it and devour the contents." Scarcely had the mistress said this when puss tore open the envelope and devoured the contents—catnip.

## Invisible Quotations.

Reading invisible quotations is a puzzling trick if deftly performed. Two of the players must know the game. One sits in a chair and the other stands behind him. The company is asked to write a word or a quotation or question on a slip of paper previously given to each one. When this is done, all the slips are collected by the player who stands behind the chair.

Now, before the game begins this player has written and given to the one in the chair a quotation, which the one in the chair holds hidden in his hand.

The player behind the chair then takes the slips he has just collected and presses one against the forehead of player No. 2. After an apparent effort he calls off the quotation that player No. 1 had already given him and which he has hastily read.

"Who wrote that?" asks No. 2. And then No. 1, who in the sight of all pretended to write a paper at the time they all did, says, "I did," and hands the paper pressed against the forehead to player No. 2. But you will see the paper held against the forehead was really written by one of the circle, so No. 2 has one paper ahead each time, which he reads and then asks, "Who wrote that?"

## Boys Who Became Famous.

General Lew Wallace, author of "Ben-Hur," was the lazy son of well to do parents. His turning point, which started him toward fame, was a sound "talking to" from his father, who showed him just where his idleness and carelessness were leading him.

Grover Cleveland's first job was as clerk in a country store.

Hugh Chisholm, the great paper manufacturer, began as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk railroad.

Colonel Albert A. Pope, the manufacturer of bicycles, was a fruit peddler in his boyhood.

If these men succeeded in spite of everything, so can you, boys and girls.

## Why Did John Yell?

On his way home with a jug containing two quarts of N. O. molasses John meets Henry, William, Frank and Peter and gives them all a "swig." How much did he have left when he entered the house and what occasioned his yells five minutes later?

## Oldest Tree.

The oldest tree in the world is on the island of Kos, lying off the coast of Asia Minor. The trunk is thirty feet in circumference. A wall of masonry surrounds it and supports the two main branches. It is believed to be more than 2,000 years old.

## Helen's Funny Remark.

Mother was trying on baby Helen's first bathing suit. She expected the child would be wild with delight when she saw herself arrayed for the sea. Instead Helen squirmed and shouted: "Take it off. I don't like it. It whisks me too much."

## A Five-year-old Chair.

Hannah was five years old, and once she stood next to a chair which was just as tall as she was.

"Oh, mamma," cried the little miss, "this chair must be five years old because it is just as big as I am."

## A Picture.

Dainty little Marguerite, tripping down the stair, with the dancing sunlight in her golden hair.

Through the open doorway in the sunny brightness Where the morning glories Nod in airy lightness.

Mamma, coming downward, Sees her darling stand, Snowy ruffled apron, Held in either hand.

Making stately courtesy With a childlike grace And a reverent brightness On her upturned face.

"What art doing, baby?" Called the mother's voice, While the pretty picture Made her heart rejoice.

Morning glories kissed the curls The open brow adorning, As the little maid replied, "I'm wishing God good morning."

## WINCHESTER

## Rifle and Pistol Cartridges.

The proof of the pudding is the eating; the proof of the cartridge is its shooting. The great popularity attained by Winchester rifle and pistol cartridges during a period of over 30 years is the best proof of their shooting qualities. They always give satisfaction. Winchester .22 caliber cartridges loaded with Smokeless powder have the celebrated Winchester Greasless Bullets, which make them cleaner to handle than any cartridges of this caliber made.

ALL SUCCESSFUL SPORTSMEN USE THEM.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

The return to the capital of President Roosevelt, followed by that of all the members of the cabinet who had been out of the city, with the exception of Secretary Shaw, has awakened Washington from its midsummer lethargy. Two cabinet meetings have been held, at which much accumulated business has been disposed of and much politics discussed. National Chairman Cretzschmar attended the second meeting, occupying Secretary Shaw's vacant seat.

The new secretaries—Morton of the navy and Metcalf of the department of commerce and labor—have entered upon their duties after a characteristic initiation by the president.

## New Secretaries Broken In.

On the afternoon of the day on which the president arrived in Washington he invited Messrs. Morton and Metcalf to take a little walk with him and suggested a walk in the outskirts of town.

There is no regular initiation for a new cabinet member, but both Secretary Morton and Secretary Metcalf declared afterward that if such a ceremony existed "a little walk" with the president would be about the proper thing.

The gentlemen left the White House about half past 4 and planned to return in time for dinner. They rode to the edge of the city in the president's carriage, and then, at Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion, started out afoot. The path selected was through Rock Creek park, which is quite mountainous in certain sections, and the president's companions asserted that none of these sections was missed.

Secretary Morton and Secretary Metcalf managed to keep pace with Mr. Roosevelt fairly well, but when they got back to town they were ready and willing to ride again.

## Cranks at the Capitol.

The capitol building, with its big white dome, has a great attraction for visitors to Washington, and it also has attractions for the summer cranks who are drawn into its cool corridors. The farmer from Currituck, N. C., who was bent on finding a member of congress who would introduce certain reformatory measures in the house was followed by "Dr." Walsh, who had a panacea for all ills, physical and political. Then came the old woman who christened many of the trees in the capitol parks.

Horner Reynolds of Alliance, O., who has a scheme for collecting from Uncle Sam millions of dollars in imaginary rents due him for the occupancy by imaginary people of imaginary houses, called at the big building and told his troubles to a capitol policeman. As a result he was locked up until the police surgeons could make an examination of his mental condition.

Later in the same day a tall individual in a frayed suit of black made his appearance in the building and announced that he had invented a plan for supplanting gas and electric lighting by using "stored sunlight" for illuminating purposes.

"During the darkest hours of the night," he said, "I can flood this building with generous sunshine at a comparatively small cost."

## Angel Told Her to Wary President.

Mrs. Burgadine of Mariposa, Ill., a German woman about fifty years old, was arrested at the White House by a secret service officer. She appeared at

the president's office for the purpose, she said, of warning him of supposed danger to his life.

"I have come to warn the president," she said, "that he is in danger of his life. I have had a vision in which an angel appeared to me and directed me to warn the president. I didn't find out from the angel just what is going to be done to the president, but I know he is not going to be shot. The angel intimated that he is to be blown up."

## Uncle Sam's Pigeon Shoot.

An expert rifleman shooting pigeons in the reading room of the Congressional library was one of the sights that astonished tourists visiting the expensively appointed building. An hour was required to kill three birds.

In order to avoid the possibility of ruining the decorations that cost many thousands of dollars it was necessary to wait until each pigeon alighted at some spot where a bullet could do no damage.

Three pigeons had entered the reading room through the ventilators. They liked the place and proceeded to establish comfortable nests. Their continual flying about the room greatly annoyed those who came to study. No way could be devised to remove the birds except by shooting them with a rifle.

## The Navy Yard Machinists.

President O'Donnell of the International Association of Machinists and President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, accompanied by a committee from the local machinists' lodge, have called upon the president with another request that the wages of the machinists in the Washington navy yard be raised. The president will direct Secretary Morton again to refer the question to the wages board for a report, the machinists at the same time to submit a written statement of their position and views. When this board has acted, Secretary Morton will make a report, and if the wages board again fails to recommend an increase the machinists have been assured that they can take the question up personally with Secretary Morton.

## Anacostia Bridge Plan Disapproved.

Secretary Taft has approved the recommendation of General Mackenzie, chief of engineers, that the District commissioners be informed that their plan for the reconstruction of the Anacostia bridge without a draw had been disapproved on the ground that a structure of that character would be an interference with the navigation of the river.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

## Toothsome English.

The following advertisement of a Japanese dentist in an English newspaper is an example of what may be perpetrated in the English language: "Our tooth is a very important organ for human life and countenance, as you know, therefore where it is attacked by disease or injury artificial tooth is very useful. I am engaged to the Dentistry, and I will make your purpose."

## Macadam and Telford.

A satisfactory highway can be built eighteen feet wide, exclusively of stone, usually for \$3,000 to \$3,500 a mile. These are known as macadam roads. A more costly stone road, running from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a mile, is the telford road. Both are named after Scotchmen who first devised the systems.

## A FEW OPINIONS OF SEVEN BARKS

Extracts from Original Letters:

"I had impure blood and better. Your medicine cured me sound and well."—William S. Winn, New Weston, Ohio.

"The only doctors I have had in my family for ten years are Seven Barks and Globe Pills. They are the best doctors in the world."—G. W. Kitterman, Silverton, Mo.

"I had four attacks of bilious fever. I tried many remedies with only temporary relief, until I resorted to Seven Barks. After one bottle I felt as good as ever I did."—Wade J. Shepard, Sandersville, Ga.

"I have not had a doctor in my family since I have been using your medicine (Seven Barks)."—Annie Hillis, Powhatan, Ark.

"Seven Barks is good for more diseases than I can recommend for. I could not get along without it."—Mrs. E. A. Hamilton, Sanville, Ohio.

"After using two bottles of your Seven Barks my wife was entirely cured of rheumatism."—Frank B. Carman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I feel satisfied that if anything will prolong life it is Seven Barks and Globe Pills."—Wm. J. Hancock, Ogden City, Utah.

"We could use several pages of this also in reproducing short extracts from original letters in our possession, received from enthusiastic friends of 'Seven Barks.' There is no evidence of merit deserved we cannot produce, but the quickest way to get it is to buy a 50-cent bottle from your home drugstore, and if you do not find it all we claim, get your money back. It will be cheerfully refunded by the druggist you bought of."

LYMAN BROWN, Pharmacist, . . . . . New York City.

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THE RED CROSS PHARMACY,

160 North Main Street,

Barre, Vermont.

## WORMS

"I had for years suffered from what medical men called dyspepsia and Catarrh of the Stomach. In August I purchased a box of Cascarets and was surprised to find that I 'had 'em'—yes—a wiggle. Cascarets massed left me. Judge our doctor's surprise when I showed him thirty feet, and in another day the remainder of the same length of a tape-worm that had been sucking my vitality for years. I have enjoyed the best of health ever since. I trust this testimonial will appeal to other sufferers."—Chas. Blackstock, 310 Trinity Place, West Philadelphia, Pa.

Best For The Bowels  
Cascarets  
CANDY CATHARTIC  
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Purest, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, No Food, No Laxative, No Griping, No Pain, No Nerve, No Weakness. The genuine tablet stamped. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.  
Selling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y.  
ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

## What Tends Eat.

In one thousand stomachs have been found 77 thousand leg worms, in another 37 tent caterpillars, in another 65 gypsy moth caterpillars and in yet another's 63 army worms. Thirty large caterpillars have been fed to a toad in less than three hours.